

TENDER WORDS EXPRESS LOVE FOR PARRAINS

Little Mascots Adopted by
American Units Show
Their Thanks

HENRIETTE, YVETTE AND RE

Kisses for "Dear Sirs" Who Have
Aided France Through War
Orphan Plan

MISS AERO COLUMBIA WRITES

Robert Says He Looks Stupid in His
Picture, But His Letter Proves
He Isn't

The hundred and more units of the A.E.F. which have each invested in the happiness and well-being of a little French child are already receiving the first dividends on those investments. Rich dividends, they are which come in the form of children's letters and you can bet your bottom franc that some of those letters will be on file with the most precious records of the company when Johnny goes marching home. For THE STARS AND STRIPES Orphans are sending in their thanks and already many a *mon bisou* has been solemnly and formally conveyed by mail to the vastly pleased *parrains* of the A.E.F.

Sometimes a little girl is able to write herself and fills a grateful letter with prattle of toys and dolls and dark memories of the day when the Huns came and one of them kicked her doll's cradle into the gutter. Sometimes a mother guides the tiny hand through the tremendous undertaking.

You may catch in the letter one ten-year-old French boy has written to the Lieutenant who is footing his bills this year a note of baseless alarm for fear this adoption will separate him from his older brother, who evidently makes him miserable for any one caught picking on the youngster. Then here is a letter from Henriette Thomas, aged five.

She is a little vague about this adoption business over which the family is so enthusiastic. Still, she has the right idea, for, just as she kisses the ducks and embraces the chickens when she goes to visit her grandmother in the country, so she expresses her immediate desire to fondle all the men in Company B. And it is of this little child with "a fat little turned-up nose" and an American grandmother that it is written:

"Her little heart is not very large; she loves her mother, her father who is in heaven, her brother and little Jesus."

So the letters run. Here are just a few of them:

She Remembers the Hun

To Company B. — Inf. 1.
It is a young girl who is writing you in answer to your kind letter. So, you are interested in my welfare? I am a girl of six years old. I go to school and learn my lesson very well, and my teacher is very pleased with me.

I left our home in November 1914, the 20th. I was but two years old, and I remember quite well having seen the Huns, one day I was playing with my doll and the enemy came and passed by me, killing the cattle, which were in the street, and when they went through the village I used to hide myself, for I was very much frightened.

When we were taken to the Caserne Mollitor at Nancy, where charitable ladies came to see us very often in school. I had had a doll, but mother left it at Nancy, and when my friends playing with theirs, I can't help crying, because I wish I had one too, but my mother is quite unable to buy me one owing to the high cost of living. We are there, too often and they are very expensive and my mother is all alone now to work, but fortunately there are kind people who help us in order to give them our best thanks and a hearty "bonjour".

YVETTE GONNARD.

"The Germans Killed Him"

To Supply Co., Q.M.C., No. 1.
I reply to your letter, which gave me so much pleasure, as you are so kind as to be interested in the welfare of my son André. I heartily thank you for it. The little one was but one month old when his father started for the Army; now he is nearly four, being too small for writing. I shall hold his hand for a few words.

"I know that my daddy is dead; it is the Germans who killed him, and when the war is over I shall go and fetch him in his hole and tell him that I love him with me and mother, and when I am grown I shall help Mother, as Daddy is not there any more."

I am still too small to understand what life is. I have lived 11 months in Pont-a-Mousson under the bombardments, in the cellars, and I endured many pains, but today I am safe and sound and I like playing with my wooden horse.

"That is all I can tell you, dear Sirs. I do not go to school for the present, being not quite well."

ANDRÉ LUTHER.

Henriette Can Sing, Though

To Co. B. — Supply Train:
I must, my dear Sirs, say that Henriette will be but five in July next, and that, as regards writing, she only knows how to make marks; but she wants me to tell you that she can sing "Dear Father".

One year at least it is her mother who will send you news and who will make you acquainted with Henriette's dispositions, qualities and defects.

I must say how glad I was to hear that a company of American soldiers was adopting my daughter. As those soldiers have come to avenge our father, I feel that they will bring good luck to her.

My mother was an American lady, and I think the little one has something of her blood in her veins. I shall send you soon a photograph, but, meanwhile, I shall just describe her.

Henriette is a blonde, she has very cunning blue eyes, a fat little turned-up nose, a mouth like a cherry, and a pink and white skin. Like all mothers, I think my daughter is pretty. She is a high-spirited girl and laughs and cries with all her heart. Although very young, she is already a little woman as regards finery; she likes ribbons, laces and silks; she is curious and a little chatterbox; but, if she has the defects of her sex, she also has the qualities going with it.

She has a little brother, one year younger, who also has the defects of his sex; he is despot and selfish. Well, Henriette yields to him in order not to make him cry; in a word, she is quite devoted to this little brother of four years. She likes sewing, and is always trying to do what she sees me doing; she will be clever.

Her little heart is not very large; she loves her mother, her father, who is in heaven; her brother and little Jesus.

What she likes best are the little animals. Some time ago she wanted me to buy her a little "fox" to play with, and she keeps thinking about it still. When she goes to her grandmother's in the coun-

SHE SENDS A "GROS BAISER"

Mes chers Parrains,
Je suis une toute petite
fille qui ne sait pas
écrire mais je vous envoie tout
de même. Vous dire un gros
mami.

Recevez tous de votre
petite filleule son gros
baiser

Une petite Française
Marie - Louise
Patriarche

Marie-Louise Patriarche, three and one-half years old, the first orphan adopted under this paper's plan and taken by this paper's staff, doesn't know how to write. She says so herself—over her own signature.

The secret is this. Marie-Louise's mother guided Marie-Louise's hand. But the sentiments are Marie-Louise's. If you have just come over, and can't even understand the kind of French a little girl of less than four speaks, here is a translation of Marie-Louise's letter:

"My dear parrains:
"I am quite a little girl who does not know how to write, but just the same I want to say a big 'Thank-you'.
"Here is a great big kiss for all of you from your little filleule.
"A little French girl.
"MARIE-LOUISE PATRIARCHE."

try her great pleasure consists in kissing the chickens and ducks.

I have told her that a company of American soldiers was adopting her; I am not sure that she understood, but she says she would like to see them to fondle them.

Let me thank you again for the kind interest you are taking in my little daughter's welfare, and believe me,
Yours gratefully, THOMAS.

"She Would Win Your Heart"

To Lieutenant Howard Conklin:
My little Marie-Thérèse being too small to write herself, being only 14 months old, I take her place to let you know that she is a cunning baby, never keeping still, very intelligent for her years, always sweet-tempered, and scarcely ever crying. I have said, I may say that she is admired by everybody who sees her. You will have seen from her photo that she is very healthy, curly hair, blue eyes, thick fair hair, and large blue eyes. If you could see her, I am sure that she would win your heart.

Now that I have told you how my daughter is looking, I must thank you for adopting her; I shall send you news concerning her and, later on, it will be her self who will thank you for your kindness to her.

You perhaps know that we came from an invaded country; we have left at Sedan all our possessions, we lived there very comfortably, my father having a trade in the town. What shall we find when we go there again? However, material losses were nothing, but I had the grief to learn that my husband had been killed in April 1917; my little girl was just two months old at that time, and her brother, Jacques, 28 months old, that boy wants to be a soldier like his father.

I took refuge in Charnes with my sister; we live there very snugly while waiting for our country's deliverance. I have your help and that of your gallant soldiers, perhaps that deliverance will come sooner than is anticipated.

Wishing to thank you again, and with the children's best love, I am yours sincerely,
Yv. D. AZARLO.

Germaine's Sweetest Kiss

To the 2nd Brigade, M.G.B., Division:
I am a little girl who knows how to read, but cannot yet write well. I shall try and learn quickly in order to have the pleasure of writing to you and when I am grown, I shall study so I can send you long letters in your own pretty language.

In the meantime, I beg Mother to tell you that you are very good to protect me and that I love you for it. There are many American soldiers at — and, when I see them, I want to go and kiss them because they are your brothers, same as I have two little brothers, Didi and Jeanmou.

We shall be very good. Every night we pray to God to make you victorious of those bad Huns who deprived us of our dear Father, and may God protect you all.

My dear and great friends, if you will allow me, I shall write to you often and you will be very kind if you will answer me.

I send you the sweetest kiss from your little
GERMAINE DUTHY.
With a pretty flower for you.

Little Girl from the Somme

To the — Telegraph Bn.
You will be wondering who is writing to you. It is a little girl from the Somme.

WEARS TWO CROSSES

Chaplain John B. Desvalles, of the 104th Infantry, as previously announced, won the *Croix de Guerre* for "extraordinary heroism and devotion to his duty. Under uninterrupted fire of the enemy, at the constant risk of his life, he never ceased from aiding the wounded and encouraging the men weakened by hard fighting."

THOSE Q. M. FELLOWS CAN GET ANYTHING

Even When Mice Eat Up
the Stock, They Can
Find a Remedy

Troubles never troubled the mess sergeant at the — Army schools as long as they came singly and in pairs. He was used to them. It was not until they got to coming by battalions and regiments that he worried—furry bright eyes, at ductions little troubles that performed nocturnal manoeuvres in the sergeant's store room and concluded with a banquet which was enjoyed by all concerned except the sergeant.

"Mice?" said the sergeant. "They may look like mice, but they eat like goats. One night they ate four cans of apples, thus and all. And syrup—they open it can after can and drink it."

Every time the sergeant planned a luscious *stom à la guerre* he found the carrots or some other necessary ingredient gone and he never could serve turkey properly because the chestnuts for the dressing always were consumed. He tried traps and poison. The mice ignored the former and thrived on the latter.

"Only one thing to do," said the sergeant as he made out his semi-monthly ration return for the quartermaster. The ration return read, in part as follows:

Meat, for stinks..... 6 lbs.
Meat, for stinks..... 2040 lbs.
Peanut butter..... 2 cans.
Peanut butter..... 11 tons.
Cats, hungry..... 1 doz.
The quartermaster who received this had a reputation for resourcefulness. He called a corporal.

"Take a squad and catch me 12 cats," he said. The order was obeyed. The cats were in his possession the next morning. Word has it that 12 of the best families of a certain French village are perturbed over the mysterious—and simultaneous—disappearance of their pet tabbies, but the boys at the — Army schools are eating better.

There was a young fellow from Toal
Who trained his mustache on a spoon;
It kept out of his way
When he drank his *café*.
But it made him look more of a fool.

There was a young man of Seicheprey
Who slept without sifting the hay;
He got quite a batch
Of young coolies—and scratch?
He's at it all night and all day!

There was a poor gink from Bordeaux
The little specked euk he would throw
His captain espied him,
And summary tried him,
And now to the brig he must go!

There was a gazelle from Soissons,
Whose face was quite pale and wan—
He walked, then he crept.
Then he lay down and slept.
And woke up with his company gone!

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